

Telephone Collection 56 J. V. KAZAKOVA, Proprietor

"The kind Boss makes his Blasts a Hit."
PURE, STRONG, RELIABLE.
 Is the verdict arrived at by
 Chemical Analysis of
BOSS BAKING
POWDER
 Economy, Health and Satisfactory
 Results attend its use.
 MANUFACTURED BY
C. D. BOSS & SON, New London, Conn.

Poetry.

Christmas Bells.

BY LUTHER BROWN.

I heard the bells on Christmas day
Their old, familiar carols play,
And wild and sweet
The words repeat
Of peace on earth, good will to men!

As I thought how, some day had come,
The bellies of a Christian land,
That tolled and sang
The tones to come,
Of peace on earth, good will to men!

Till ringing, singing on its way,
The world revolved from night to day,
A voice, a rhyme,
A element and time
Of peace on earth, good will to men!

But in despair I bowed my head;
"There is no peace on earth," I said,
"For hate is strong,
And mocks the song
Of peace on earth, good will to men!"

Then pealed the bells more loud and deep;
"God is not dead; nor doth He sleep;
The world shall fall,
The right prevail,
With peace on earth, good will to men!"

Selected Date.

JOHN ALER'S WHIM.

A Christmas Story.

BY FLORENCE E. HOLLOWELL.

"It's knowin', ain't it?"

"Yes, it's been knowin' 'round thr' town."

"Yo ain't got's out, be yo?"

"Yes; I'm goin' down ter Silly's, want ter see if he aint add'ion'd o' them thilg's yet."

The old man lying on the disordered bed at the corner of the cabin gave a kind of groan.

"'En I telly yo that 'bout yo'r 'loggin' in' though all this no' ter Silly's. I aint no use ter go. Folks don't want feather work 'n' yo'r hair chains. don't wonder at 'em neither. I got a lot ter death o' sects. 'em round as 'tis, let alone waitin' ter buy 'em. If we aint got's ter hev no Christmas dinner less no' yo sell them things down to Silly's we'll go hungry, I guess."

The old woman standing by the little stove (tying on her faded red hood) aint no use ter go. She aint a crack o' wood on the fire and then went out.

At the little dilapidated gate she turned and looked back a moment. The cabin was on the outskirts of the town in a thinly-settled neighborhood and was not much in the way of a shelter. The roof was sunken, and in rain weather it leaked so badly that old Mabel had had to put all the cooking utensils she owned around on the floor to catch the water. In winter the wind found its way through a hundred cracks and knotholes. And she had plastered them up with mud and stufled them with rags, but still could not keep out the cold. Her irritable old husband complained from morning till night of how he suffered from it.

But still the cabin was home—the only home she had known for twenty years, and she did not expect ever to own a better one.

She worked very hard. Whenever she was not sewing, or house-cleaning, or washing she was busy making flannel shirts of paper and wax, feather crests, hair chains, and bunches of fluffy ball from the silk of the milk-weed pappi. Some she left the natural color, others she dyed pink, yellow, blue and lavender. She had done a great deal of this sort of work through the fall, and had given it the previous week to a store-keeper in town to sell for her on commission.

He had told her the day before that he hadn't sold anything of hers yet and she had gone home heavy-hearted.

But hope had risen in her heart again today and she walked around stolidly now, unmindful of the wind that drove the sleet in her face and flitted her eyes with tears.

As she passed her shoes made a crunching sound on the snow, the wind whipped the strings of her hood across her face like a lash and she shivered under the old blanket-shawl which she had pinned about her stooping shoulders. But she kept on and soon came to the principal street of the town.

It was full of people, for it was the day before Christmas, and those who had not finished their shopping for that there was no time to lose. So the bridge was a small place, and the store was not many, but all were making display of holiday gifts, and before the provision stores small evergreens were piled up half way to the second story waiting to be sold for Christmas trees.

Through the windows of the houses one could see bright fires burning in open grates, women busy in kitchens making pies and cakes, and little children with eager, excited faces pressing against the window panes, as they saw the contents of variously-shaped baskets they saw carried by or caught a glimpse of a rocking horse or a decorated carriage.

Silly's store was crowded, for it was the leading one of the town and a good stock of Christmas novelties had been laid in. John Aler, strolling in to buy cigar, stood at one end of the long corridor, watching the people come and going so incessantly and trying to forget his anteceding in having been kept for two days waiting the arrival of a manufacturer of Stockholm, who was off on a trip to the States and would not reach home until Christmas Eve.

The display had pleased all John Aler's plans, for the home was thrice as comfortable as Stockholm, and there was no chance now of his reaching it. It came to him as Christmas dinner at his own table. He had just sent a telegram to his wife telling her not to worry him, and he knew how deep was her disappointment. But there was nothing for it. He must keep the home comfortable and in material ways of settlement.

"And I must spend Christmas Eve in the city," he thought. "And the Christmas dinner at a railway restaurant."

It is no wonder that he was in a thing but a Christmas mood, and that a little irritated that every one should seem so happy. That a rosy-cheeked woman with the cotton bobnet and the circular gosh, for example, how her eyes sparkled as she passed, her hair came to the top and parted in the way John Aler loved and hated. She had low hair and pink cheeks. She looked as if fairly overflowing with good nature.

"Lor, Mrs. Royer, what be yo a-in' with a doll?" queried a thin rosy-

tall woman with her arms full of bundles stopped on her way out of the store. "You ain't got no children fer look out-er."

"No, more's the pity," responded the woman with the rusty cheeks. "But that ain't no reason why I shouldn't buy dolls'n toys. 'I'll find children fer you 'em lo, y' can be sure o' that. All you is gona' let children that ain't got nobbut one particular rew as after em such things. If everybody lo kind out fer just one person there wouldn't be nobody neglected. Trouble be, so many keep their han in their pockets Christ mas or else they give ter those that has plenty already."

"That's so," acquiesced the tall woman, and pushed her way out.

John Aler looked at Mrs. Roper with some interest now, and was sorry when she completed her purchases and went out. She was a good woman, he felt sure of that.

He looked from one counter to the other, wondering what direction his fancy would take if he were to buy a present here for Kitty. What if he took her one of those wonderfully unnatural bunches of wax flowers or that feather wreath in the cheap gilt frame? What would Kitty say? Kitty, who had always had every wish gratified! Who was such a lover of artificial life he had not bought his Christmas present yet—did he think if she already had everything the heart of woman could desire?

There was a sudden lull in the rush of trade. The store was empty of customers except for two little girls who were selecting marbles from a box held by the younger clerk. The other clerk and Mr. Still were straightening the disordered counters.

The door opened slowly, passed very evidently by a blind hand, and an old woman came in. Her face was purple with the cold, her old shawl was flecked with snow and the wind had blown her gray hair about her head like a stormy tempest. John Aler, looking at her curiously, thought she seemed to breathe very heavily like one who was tired out. Her twice interested him. There was an impressive look upon it that was unusual.

She went straight to Mr. Still, who looked up with a little frown.

"No; I ain't sold nothin' of yours yet," he said, before she had time to speak. "I guess you'll hev your stock back fer home this year. Heut you might as well leave it here till tomorrow. There was a man looked at one o' them bird chinks, 'n he might come back. I guess it ain't very likely; still he might."

The old woman nodded and turned away. She didn't say a word, but John Aler thought he saw her lips quiver slightly. Just before she reached the door she paused to look at something on the counter. It was a wax cross in the shape of a glass cross. It had been painted black, and had some beads and photographs. She pulled it out a little way where it could be easily seen, stood staring at it a moment as if to ask herself if its beauty would strike anyone else and then went out. At the window she paused again and looked in. John Aler saw that her eyes were fixed on a great bunch of red and yellow paper flowers stuck in a gaudy glass vase.

"Who is that old woman?" he asked.

"Ain't no body knowin' it," replied Mr. Still, answered Still. "E're some o' town on the mill road. Her husband used ter work in the mill once, but he's laid up with rheumatism now—ain't done a stroke of work fer ten years—I guess. The old woman, she makes these feather 'n wax things. I sold a good many last Christmas, but I ain't sold apiece this year—people got all they want of 'em I guess."

Joe Aler was silent. He remembered the old woman. He had never met and said anything about each person remembering just one other at Christmas time. No one would then be neglected. He didn't keep his hands in his pockets, of course—he gave freely, but he had certainly given always to those who had been bountifully supplied already with this world's goods.

Suppose, for a change, just to gratify a whim, he bought all this feather, wax and paper stuff? Wouldn't that bring Christmas into one heart at least? Old Mahala didn't look as if she had many things to give. Kitty would laugh at him, of course. She would say he was "utterly ridiculous" but if he ceased, and he didn't mind being laughed at. He would never feel the purchase of this old woman's trumpery, and she—very likely she needed the money. She looked so old, so sad, so cold and desolate. Perhaps Christmas had never come into her life, and now—this chance. She was only a common old woman of course but—

"Look here," he said, crossing over to the counter with sudden energy. "I think I'll buy all these feather and wax things. I'll send 'em home to my wife. Go, go, go, hurry!"

"Yes; I can give ya a box," answered the storekeeper, "but ye don't want all the things, do ye?"

"Yes, I do. Make out the list and figure it up."

"Ye won't want all them paper flowers?"

"Yes."

"An' them hair chains—there's three of 'em—in that wax cross, 'n the two feather wreaths, 'n—"

"Everything, I tell ye. Pack 'em all. I'll pay for it."

"You don't want them fluff balls, I guess?"

"Yes, I do. How many bunches are there? Seven? Put 'em in."

The shopkeeper stared a moment as if he thought the young man had suddenly taken leave of his senses.

"I can't get such things where I live," said Aler carelessly. "They'll be curiosities there."

It was eight o'clock when old Mahala entered Still's store again. She had a basket on her arm and walked slowly as if tired out. Outside it was snowing heavily, and the streets were almost deserted.

"I come to see if that hair chain—the old woman began and then stopped her face growing suddenly gray. "Ye'e—ye'e—ye've took down all my things, an' ye'e—she went on in a dry, husky voice—"That's all right. It don't matter bringing a basket to take 'em home. You'll have that blue in your back ket instead," said Still, who had kept his eye for her coming, and leaning over the counter he dropped in the basket sixteen bunches of silver dollars.

Old Mahala stood and looked at him a moment. Her lips were quivering, she seemed dumb.

"Ye didn't—ye can't have sold 'em all," she said at last.


"Every last one of 'em. There was a racket ter'd 't stopper down fer days 'fore we was business. It took a long time to sell 'em and I couldn't get no things where he lived. Ye'e, he told me 'bout 'em off by, expect ter a wife."

Old Mahala nodded, and taking her bundle from her neck, tied the money up in it. Then she nodded again and went out.

As the door closed behind her, Still stood still a moment in the faded glow. Down her weathered, reddened cheek he saw a few trickling.

"What a queer old man," he muttered, "the whispered bitterly. "When she walked on one hand, ready to wig away her tears with a corner of the old gray shawl."

When John Aler reached home



When buying tobacco
taste and temperament.
cool, sweet, delightful smoke.

LORELLA ROSE

the height of tobacco per-
fouls the pipe. Delightful
smoker. It's all tobacco.
Sold everywhere, 2 oz. for

day after Christmas and entered his
magnificently furnished sitting room,
some one sprung up from an easy chair
and rushed to meet him with a glad
greeting.

"Oh, John, to think you weren't here
for dinner yesterday!" Kitty cried, "I
almost died. I was so disappointed!
And John, what passed over you and
that ridiculous box of feathers and
was things? Such atrocious flowers I
sent them this up garret. Where did
you get them, John?"

"Bought them of an old woman in a
country town," he answered. "It was
just a whim of mine. I know you'd
laugh at me. But, look here, I know
you won't lend this up garret," and he
took a little blue velvet box from his
pocket and held it out to her.

Kitty opened it eagerly. "A diamond
ring!" she cried. "I am so glad! I
really needed another diamond ring!
John, this is a whim I can understand."

—(Lionsville).

The Queen's Donkey.

Queen Victoria during her recent sojourn at Giverny, on the French Mediterranean coast, was often seen to drive in a pleasant afternoon a very sleek and uncomfortable looking donkey. The aged Queen, holding the reins herself, seemed greatly to enjoy her drive, and the courtesy of the donkey, suggested that she almost understood the honor which was being done him. This donkey, whose name is Jocko, has an interesting history.

During a previous sojourn in the same district the queen was one morning out-riding herself incognito in the open air at Acquafredda, when she saw a peasant leading along by the bit a donkey which looked as if it had once been a noble animal of his kind, but now seemed to be almost starved. He was lean, gauntish, evidently suffering.

The queen asked the man if his donkey was for sale.

"That depends," said the peasant. "If I were to sell him now, how should I get my living?"

"How much did you pay for him?"

"A hundred francs."

"Will give you 200, and you can buy another donkey."

The man sold him to the unknown knight, and poor Jocko at once began a new life. Abundantly fed and carefully groomed, he blossomed out as a royal favorite. The story spread, and the queen could take no more promenades without conveniences, for she was certain to encounter every day several peasants who tried to sell her decrepit and half starved donkeys. She bought none of them.

During her last visit the queen drove through Acquafredda with Jocko, and his former owner, the peasant, saw the equipage go by. The donkey was fat, glossy and glittering with buckles of silver and gold.

"Alas!" exclaimed the peasant, "when I sold my donkey why didn't I throw myself in?"—"Youth's Companion."

He Had No Hat For Music.

I had in Tintinn a rather strange experience with my secretary, a Japanese named Akiyama. He was very intelligent indeed, well educated, and could speak English very fluently. One afternoon I was confined to my bed by illness, and the band began to play in the park just opposite my windows. The first thing they rendered was "La Marseillaise."

"Well," I remarked, "here they are playing the French national hymn!"

Akiyama looked at me with amazement, shook his head several times, and then asked:

"How do you know?"

"Because," I answered, rather embarrassed, "because I know. I have heard it before."

The answer did not seem to satisfy him.

A few minutes after, the band struck up something from "Faust."

"This," I said, "is from a well-known opera."

Akiyama looked more amazed than ever, and, shaking his head, asked again:

"How do you know?"

"Because, of course, I know the opera."

"Oh!" said he, in a very incredulous manner.

At last the band played "Home, Sweet Home."

"And now," said I, feeling very happy, "this is the music of a very popular American song."

"But how can you tell?" exclaimed Akiyama.

"Because, I already told you, I know the music."

"Well," he remarked, "it all sounds alike to me!"

"What?" I exclaimed, "all sounds alike? Don't you notice the difference between 'La Marseillaise,' 'Faust,' and 'Sweet Home'?"

"No," he said, "no difference at all; it all sounds alike."

Strange as it may seem at first, the explanation will be found in the fact that the ears of these people have not been trained to appreciate our music, any more that our have to understand theirs. It is all a question of training. Another very intelligent Japanese told me once that to his people, at first, all foreigners looked alike. They could not see a difference between them.

Keep our Weather Eye Open

See that you get a brand that you appreciate a tobacco of like make, get

LORD'S LEAF CIGARETTES

Selection; a young smoker, tho'ning prepared by the TORILL.

5c. Try it.

Household Fancy Work.

ART NEEDLEWORK.

Much of the season's embroidery has Turkish stamp, many of the designs traced on coarse brown linen in traditional stances. A sofa pillow was made of two squares each of linen and denim, cut diagonally across, the denim and denim then joined together. Embroidered stars and crescents were scattered over the surface, the work being effectively done in outline stitch. An Asiatic embroidery silk was used on the linen and the latter matched Roman dress for embroidering the rims.

Some pretty work has been introduced lately, which will commend itself to all who like variety in their embroidery. Upon fine linen is traced a design which was inspired, no doubt, by the Japanese "crackles" china. Here there is a cherry blossom or bud, which is worked closely in shades of pink Asiatic silk floss. The lines which come out the "cracks" are done in light green stitch, and each lot is space is filled with a different stitch—dot stitch, minute crosses, rice stitch, French knots and all at once finding a place there.

Charming pillow cases for little standards are made of nainsook, daintily embroidered. On the upper left-hand corner appears a design of interior life, hearts, outlined in forest meadows, the beautiful Asiatic silk does another have scattered rings of tiny pink blossoms, and both cases are "powdered with individual bairies."

Doll's embroidery carried out in the blues upon white linen in the shape landscapes is effective. Windmills, houses, boats and water. set in its little arrangements of scroll and line, give us to make up the designs, which are worked on fine cloths, center pieces, pillows, toy covers, splashes, buffets, vases, picture frames and, in fact, almost all articles made of white linen look well worked in this style with the delicate blue floss.—[Mrs MERRITT, m. Chittator.]

Recipes for the Table.

APPLE BUTTER.—Boil three gallons of cider down to one-fourth of the quantity. Pare and core as many apples as the cider will cover, divide them in half and put equal parts in two kettles on the fire. When the apples in one kettle are soft, then take out and pour over from the other. Boil until twelve hours until smooth, add round cloves, allspice, cinnamon, nutmegs. Then boil again, stirring continuously. When sufficiently done it will stick to the spoon when held up.

STUFFED TOMATOES.—Take large tomatoes and wash off skin then carefully pare. Run over the inside. Take the must of three crackers, the white of one egg, two slices of onions minced very fine, a little parsley, salt to taste, and a little cayenne pepper, mix with the inside of the tomato and stuff the tomato till up to the top with your mixture and bake in a quick oven.


PUMPKIN PIES.—Pare a small pumpkin, take out the seeds, steam until soft, and press through a colander, beat in three eggs, three tablespoonful of molasses, two tablespoonful of cinnamon, one of ginger, two teaspoonfuls of salt and two quarts of hot milk. If more sweetenings is needed add a little sugar. Bake with an under crust only.

POACHED EGGS.—Take as fresh eggs as you can get. Have your water boiling, and drop in your egg gently, with a watch to hand. Boil just three and a half minutes, then have a tumbler of ice cold water into which you immerse the egg, allowing it to remain twenty minutes; then take out and gently pick the point, taking off small bits of the shell, being very careful not to break the whites; when you have gotten half the shell off in this way, reverse the egg and remove the other half of shell; when finished, place on a slice of well buttered toast and send to the table with a dash of salt and pepper. These eggs should be done one at a time to insure perfect success. The greatest care should be observed in removing the shells and time yourself to the second. It is a rather difficult thing to do, and experience is a greater helper.

Men are composed chiefly of charcoal and water. As beings of this composition cannot exist in air any great length of time, they draw oxygen from the atmosphere of the water, breathing apparatuses as to the principle of the hot state being maintained by such means as would be substituted for combustion. Still, it is said, or at least bears much the same relation, that carbon dioxide is absorbed, oxygen being required at a much higher temperature than before.

"Dr. Thompson, senior, says to the Queen-Victoria Eye Hospital," says the representative of THE LANCET, "that the patients for becoming blind are increasing every day, and several hundred are placed in petroleum lamps." This may appear perfectly harmless if ordinary purposes. He demonstrates that the light yielded by oil, and more particularly that given by candles. This gas jet is the more harmful to the eye, especially retinopathy being its consequence.

"She—I had my life to live over yesterday. She—I thought that's what you"



...t exactly suits your
...gh quality—enjoy a

af

PLUG

...bites the tongue, or
...lly satisfies the old
...ARDS—that's why.

BREAKFAST AND HEALTH.

**Letter Is Promoted by Taking the
Former Before Exercise.**

Breakfast should be eaten in the morning before leaving the house for service or labor of any description. Persons who do it will be able to perform their work, and with greater comfort and efficiency than those who work on an empty stomach or two before breakfast. Besides the average duration of life of persons who take breakfast before exercise or work will be a number of years greater than those who do otherwise. Persons begin to feel weak after having been engaged five or six hours in their ordinary avocations; a good deal of reinvigoration, but from the last part of the day until next morning there is an interval of some 10 or 12 hours. Hence the body, in a sense, is exhausted, and in proportion cannot resist the cold of midwinter or of the northern miasm which rests upon the surface of the earth whenever the sun shines on a blade of vegetation or a crop of grain.

This miasm is more solid, more concentrated, and hence more malignant than sunrise and sunset than at any other hour of the 24, because the cold of the night condenses it, and it is on the first few inches above the soil in its solid form, but as the sun rises it expands and ascends to a height enough to be breathed, and the air taken into the lungs with the air swallowed with the saliva into the stomach, all weak and empty as it is, is greedily drunk in, thrown immediately into the circulation of the blood, carried directly to every part of the body, depositing its poisonous influences in every fountain head of life.

Early breakfasts were taken in times where chills and fever and ague prevailed, and if, in addition, a brick was kindled in the chimney corner the hours including sunset and sunrise, these troublesome maladies would diminish in any one year, not ten, and a thousandfold, because the heat of the fire would rarify the miasmatic air instantly and send it above the breathing point.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Unappreciated.

She was a nice old lady, with spectacles, and she got on at Adams Basin. She took the seat by my side.

She had the programme of a W. C. T. U. convention in her hand, which she consulted occasionally, with the evident idea that she was going to be late at the morning session. She looked so nice and so kindly, and as though she must be some one's dear old aunt or grandmother, so I so evidently felt at ease, that I wanted to talk to her, but hardly knew how to begin.

Just then the trainman called out: "South Greece! South Greece!" and I remarked that I thought the name of the station seemed very funny, it opened up the possibilities of "West Jerusalem," "North Pisa" or "East Capernaum."

I thought that it was a pretty bright thing to say, but the dear old lady never noticed as one who was glad to give me her store of knowledge what she said, and she said solemnly and kindly: "The name may seem peculiar, but the reason they call this station South Greece is because, about four miles away on the County Line road, there is another village called Greece Centre, and they have to call this station South Greece to tell them apart," and the sweet-faced old lady, with the self-satisfied look of one who has imparted useful information and done a kindness by me, was ready, resumed the study of her programme, and I haven't tried to say a funny thing since, except once, when my wife asked me if her hat was a mistake, which the same lady was a sister.—New York Sun.

Boysen's American Beginning.

The early experience in this country by Hyndman H. Boysen, the novelist, is thus related by him in one of his books: "On April 1, 1866, my mother and I arrived in New York, and, after travelling about for some months, we took up our temporary quarters in a small town called Urbana, in Ohio. There I left my mother and went to Urbana, where I was offered the editorship of a Norwegian paper called 'The Friend,' which had just been started. At this position I remained about a year and a half, but the ambition to write was strong in me, and I soon saw that I was to make a reputation as a writer. I then went to master the English language. To this end it was necessary to attend all Scandinavian associations. I resigned my editorship and accepted a position as tutor in Latin and Greek at the Urbana university."

LINCOLN AS A LABORER.

Old Farm Work in Indiana For 25 Cents a Day.

This little Abraham had become an instant member of the family. He remarkably strong for his years, the work he could do in a day was valued advantage to Thomas Lincoln, which had been put into his hands to help in making the first clearing; but never been allowed to drop; and, as he says himself, "from that within his twenty-third year he almost constantly handling that useful instrument." Besides, he took the team, cut down the elm and oak brush with which the stock was fed, learned to handle the old plow, to wield the sickle, to thresh the wheat with a flail, to fan and dress it with a sheet, to go to mill and the hard earned grist into flour; and, he learned all the trades that the boy must know, and well enough so that when his father did not want him he could hire him to the neighbors. Thomas Lincoln also taught the rudiments of carpentry and metal working, and kept him busy of the time as his assistant in his shop. There are houses still standing near Gentryville on which it is believed. The families of Lamm, Sins, Crawford, Gentry, Tanchum and Gardner all claim the honor of having employed him upon their cabins. As he grew older he became one of the largest and most popular "hands" in the vicinity, and much of his time was spent as a "hired boy" on some neighbor's farm. For 25 cents a day—paid to father—he was hostler, plowman, sleigher and carpenter, besides being the women with the "choros." Then, so say the legends, he was called to carry water, make the fire, and tend the baby. No wonder that a farmer who never refused to do anything asked of him, who could "strike a mallet heavier blows" and "sink ax deeper into the wood" than anyone else in the community, and who the same time was general help for women, never lacked a job in Genoa.—Ida M. Tarbell in McClure's Magazine.

The Milky Sea.

In 1810 the expedition to the East Indian under Martin Pring, when in the South Pacific, had one night what was the members of that expedition very strikingly described. They beheld the all about them pale and white, resembling a vast cheese vat, so that one might have imagined "the Ship to have a sailing in Wiley instead of Salt." It carried such a milky appearance along with it. The Air and Sky at the same time looked White and hazy, though doubt the effect of the reflections on the Surface of the Water so discolored and colored."

In February, 1881, Mr. Daniel Pidgeon, a very acute observer, witnessed phenomenon of this "milky sea" of the Pacific, when, he says, "the whole from the ship to the visible horizon looked exactly as if it were covered in snow."

The snowy surface evidently reflected the light of the sky, for Venus, being bright, threw a distinguishable luminous radiance across it, while the phosphorescent crests of waves were now and again breaking above the layer of milky matter which overlaid the water. He convinced himself that the appearance was due to a thin layer of oil, produced when the sea surface appears to be considerably cooler than the moist atmosphere above it, so that air in immediate contact with the ether is chilled below the dew point and becomes misty, while the air above remains transparent.

It would be interesting to know whether the same explanation will apply to all displays of the "milky sea," whether the effect should sometimes attributed solely to phosphorescent plants and algae, and if not whether may arise those sources of light capable to illuminate the sea from below.—Blackwood's Magazine.

Working by the Eye.

The advance in the accuracy of workmanship in machinery is one of the remarkable features of manufacturing modernity. If a shaft could be made right within one thirty-second of an inch all is well. Indeed, under old processes it was as fine a degree of correctness as the eye could perceive. But this was together too far from perfect to answer many purposes, and mechanics set out devising some means to insure more absolute accuracy. One of the first suggestions that the eye was less reliable than the fingers came from the fitting of certain cylinders with plugs. It is found that a number of plugs could be made all precisely alike so far as the eye could judge, but the veriest novice detected a difference in their size the moment they were applied to the hole in which they were intended. It is said at present the difference of one five-hundredths of an inch can readily be perceived by the most inexperienced person.—New York Ledger.

Just in Time.

The president of an accident insurance company, strictly in the line of advertising his business, has been telling a wonderful story, which he locates in Brooklyn, where numerous trolley accidents occur. He says: "Some time ago a large policy holder in my company was overthrown by a trolley car and his right leg painfully crushed. He remained unconscious after the shock for three minutes, during which time he pulled out a watch and called the attention of the crowd to the fact that it was just fifteen minutes to twelve o'clock. His policy expired at noon, and his fore-leg was rewarded by the immediate payment of its weekly indemnity without controversy or litigation."—New Orleans Statesman.

Superior American Pens.

American gold pens have the reputation in our own and foreign markets of being the best pens in the world.—Columbia Times-Herald.

The air tight compartment theory of the flight experiment conducted from a tower at Fort Belvoir in the case of the captive. The shell of the animal was forty or fifty compartments into which air pressure may be admitted to force the occupant to sink or float, as pleased.

"Wasn't the bride delightfully funny?" "Very. She was ever shy ten times over."

Neuralgia
ATTACKS THE EYES
Makes
THE LIGHT
Unbearable.
PERMANENTLY CURED
BY USING
Jayer's Pills

My husband was subject to severe attacks of neuralgia which caused him pain and suffering. The pain was principally about his eyes, and he used to remain in darkened room, being able to stand the light. After being recommended, he tried them, and before each meal. They very gradually relieved, followed by a permanent cure. I am a strong believer in the use of Ayer's Pills, and would not without them for fear they would "kill" Mrs. M. R. HENRY, Liberty, Tex. I have sent Ayer's Pills many families forty years, and regard them as the best.—UNION MARTIN JACOBS, New City, Pa.

AYER'S PILLS
 Received Highest Awards
 AT THE WORLD'S FAIR

Financial.

8%
FIRST MORTGAGE LOANS.
 Approved and Real Estate will be cashed by
 A. M. FLETCHER,
 291 West Exchange, Wash., D. C.

INDUSTRIAL
Trust Company,
 49 Westminister Street,
 PROVIDENCE, R. I.
 Open from 9 o'clock A. M. to 2 P. M.

CAPITAL \$1,000,000
PLUS, \$200,000

Transacts a general Banking and Trust business.
 Interest paid on accounts subject to call.
 Deposits always received on Participation account.
 Authorized by law to accept trusts and act as executor, administrator, guardian, etc.
 Trustees, Executors, Administrators, Attorneys and Assignees, depositing property or proceeds of their estates with the Company are exempt by law from all personal liability.

DIRECTORS:
 Jos. M. Kimball, President.
 Geo. L. Littlefield,
 Wm. H. Cabler,
 Geo. H. Hutchins,
 John C. Conant,
 George T. Miles,
 Daniel P. Cook,
 Isaac M. Harris,
 J. P. Campbell,
 Wm. T. C. Warfield.

LEONARD R. FICK,
HENRY R. BARKER,
OHNEY T. SUMAN,
HENRY B. WHITING,
GEOR. F. WELCHER,
WILLIAM B. KNAPP,
WARREN O. ARMIST,
J. A. ROBERTSON,
J. M. ALDENMAN,
Wm. T. C. Warfield.

JAMES P. COLT, President.
J. M. ALDENMAN, Vice President.
CYRUS P. BIRCHAM, Treasurer.
WALDO M. PLACÉ, Secretary.

Druggists.

Liquid Amandine
CURE WHEN ALL OTHERS FAIL.
 Ultra-immediate relief to
RAPPED HANDS & LIPS.
 Used after Shaving it has no equal.
Rum and Quinine
 Will not cause the Hair to grow where there is none,
 It will prevent the hair from falling out, remove dandruff and stimulate the growth of the hair, and at all times is a luxurious dressing.
Beef, Wine & Iron.
 Is a valuable tonic is well known.
 Ours is not the cheapest but the best. Only the finest materials used in its composition.
DRINK
Pure Distilled Water,
AND AVOID DISEASE.
 Ours is not the cheapest but the best. Only the finest materials used in its composition.
Caswell, Massey & Co.,
237 THAMES ST.
Charles M. Cole,
PHARMACIST,
302 Thames St.,
 FIFTY DOORS NORTH OF POST OFFICE
NEWPORT, R. I.
JAMES T. WRIGHT, Ph. C.
REGISTERED PHARMACIST,
Drugs, Medicines, Perfumery
 Manufacturers of Wright's Ointment, the finest of the highest merit.
 Wright's Compound Cod Liver Oil.
 Wright's Cherry Aniline, etc.
 Wright's Colloidal Glycerin Lotion.
Washington Square, Newport, R. I.
SHELF PAPER
ALL COLORS.
BEST QUALITY
J. H. CARRIE,

